As the poore frighted *Deere* that stands at gaze,
VVildely determining which way to fly,
Or one in compast with a winding *maze*,
That cannot tread the *way* out readily:
So with her selfe is she in mutinie,
To liue or die which of the twaine were better,
VVhen life is sham'd and death reproches debtor.

To kill my selfe, quoth she, alacke what were it
But with my *body* my poore soules pollution?
They that lose *halfe* with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.
That *mother* tries a merciless conclusion
Who hauing two sweet *babes* when death takes one
VVill slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My *Body*, or soule, which was the deerer?
VVhen the one *pure*, the other made diuine;
Whose loue, of either, to my selfe was nearer?
VVhen both were kept for *Heauen* and *Colatine*:
Ay me, the *barke* pild from the lofty *Pine*
His *leaues* will wither and his *sap* decay,
So must my *soule*, her barke being pild away.

Her *house* is sackt, her *quiet* interrupted,
Her *mansion* battered by the enemy,
Her sacred *Temple* spotted, spoild, corrupted,
Grossly ingirt with daring infamy,
Then let it not be cald *impiety*
If in this blemisht part I make some *hole*:
Through which I may conuey this troubled soule.

Yet die I will not till my *Colatine*
Haue heard the cause of my vntimely *death*,
That he may vow in that sad houre of mine,
Reuenge on *him* that made me stop my breath,
My stained bloud to *Tarquin* ile bequeath,
VVhich by him tainted shall for him be spent,

My *Honor* ile bequeath vnto the *knife*,
That wounds my *body* so dishonored:
Tis *Honor* to depriue dishonored life,
The one will liue, the other being dead,
So of shames *ashes* shall my *Fame* be bred:
For in my death I murther shamefull *scorne*,
My *shame* so *dead*, my *honor* is new *borne*.

Deare Lord of that deare *Iewell* I haue lost,
VVhat *legacy* shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, *loue*, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reueng'd maist be.
How *Tarquin* must be vs'd, read it in me:
My selfe thy *friend* will kill my selfe thy *foe*,
And for my sake serue thou false *Tarquin* so.

This briefe *abridgement* of my *will* I make,
My *soule* and *body* to the *skies* and *ground*,
My resolution (*Husband*) doe you take,
Mine *honor* be the *knifes* that makes my *wound*,
My *shame* be his that did my *fame* confound.
And all my *fame* that liues disbursed, be
To those that liue and thinke no shame of me.

Then *Colatine* shall ouersee this *will*,
How was I ouerscene that thou shalt see it?
My *bloud* shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My *lifes* foule *deed* my lifes faire *end* shall free it.
Faint not faint *heart*, but stoutly say, so be it.
Yeeld to my *hand*, *and* it shall conquer thee,
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This *plot* of *death* when sadly she had laid,
And wip't the brinish *pearle* from her bright *eyes*,
VVith vntun'd tongue she hoarsely calld her *maid*,
VVhose swift obedience to her *mistresse* hies,
For fleet-wingd *duty* with *thoughts* feathers flies;

10 *Lucrece* resolued to kil he selfe determines first to